

PETS

yes he
liked my
fur my
dresses

wanted me to
live on his
nest and
write poems
about him

what he
said to me
making me
come was

like what
i say to
the cat

MARRIED

not the one she
wanted later he'd
call her kike but
the one who seemed
gentle and read
They had girls
and moved in with
her father then
she stopped
dancing He
hardly said
a thing
On the way to
the divorce he
died and then
she was sorry

SARATOGA

dark counter on
broadway early the
morning smell of
old wood a
woman her tight
lips scent of dark
cloth nobody comes
for the baths now
only these
gipsies monty
wooly would
sit out her
face looks
like it could
crack a charred
hole she says the
fires losses
there's nothing horses
now the beauty
gone smoke
her mouth
breaking
you know
but they
lived then

THESE DAYS

just fog
cabbages
getting blue
things like
yr shoes yr
hands swirl
by, dissolve
I'll be so hard
by winter if I
don't break